

gs in others. And yet it may be an addition
stock of soul-experiences, and therefore I
confess! It has happened to me sometimes,

d me to autobiographies! G

these men, and the influence of the Pennington family, young Ellwood was brought into fellowship with the Quakers. Of the old Justice's sorrow and indignation at this sudden blasting of his hopes and wishes in respect to his son, and of the latter's own sorely wounded pride in his new vocation, it is not necessary to say more. In the years that followed, however, the two men grew more and more toward a few years, to 1862, considering means to change how matters, political and spiritual, were changed in that brief period. Cromwell—the Macaulays of Puritanism—is no longer among them; Charles the Second sits in his place; profane and blasphemous literature has thrust aside the staid, restrained, painful-faced respectability of the eighteenth century, and appeals to the scriptural illustrations of Garrison and Fleetwood—men easy of virtue, without sincerity, either in religion or politics, come

neither read was had to her outward person,
 which wanted nothing to make her completely
 lovely. Her mind was as clear as crystal,
 and her temper was as mild as summer weather.
 Her ways were every way extraordinary, or to her outward
 fortune, which was fair.²⁷ From all which, we are
 not surprised to learn that "she was secretly and
 openly sought for by many of almost every rank
 and condition."²⁸ To whom," continues Thomas,
 "in their respective turns, (till he at length came
 to himself) he had been so much desired, and himself
 with so much reverence of temper, that courted
 freedom, guarded by the strictest modesty, so
 it gave encouragement or ground of hope to none,
 so neither did it administer any matter of offense
 or just cause of complaint to any."²⁹

Beautiful and noble maiden! How the imagination
 outlines flaming of thee by thy
 friend, and, if truth be told, by thy
 friend, virtuous, beautiful—a ray of America's
 and

And the hard and heavy band,
 For the stage, for the show,
 Meet her snail such exclamation:
 When suffering, beards, that struggle
 In the rain and calvary,
 Shall receive, unseemly, the earnest
 And the agonies of the poor
 When the master with his bondman
 For a price shall divide the mill,
 And shall alone, at last extricate,
 Shall go singing to his toil:
 When the bloody tread of the soldier
 Shall tread the sinner down,
 And the sickle hand be honored more
 Than the sword and the lance of war!
 When tolerance and truthfulness
 Shall not be unkind bar,
 And the forest face and the millset
 Man know, shall not be man.
 Be firm, and be united,
 Ye ye have accused the wrong!
 Though I myself, though I myself, though I myself,
 In my own eyes still be wrong,
 To the faith and hope that move ye
 O ye things ye dare not do,
 Though the world rises up against ye,
 And ye are the things ye dare not do.

“Your interview must be short, very short,” said the father, as he turned away and left them.

“Heaven help and comfort thee, my daughter!” added Sir John, while he held her to his breast and kissed her. “I have no doubt, but that I should die without bestowing my blessing on the head of my own child, and that stung me more than death itself; but thou art come, and the blessing is thine.”

“Nay, father, forbear!” she exclaimed; “not thy last blessing! not thy *last*—my father shall live!”

“Be calm, be calm, my child,” he returned. “I would to Heaven I could comfort thee, my own child, but there is no time—within three days, thou wilt be married, and I shall have but my little one—my little one!”

Fatherless, he would have said, but the word died on his lips.

“I will,” she repeated, clasping her hand round his breast, but pressing his hand, “three days; then there is hope—my father shall live!”

Sir John—placed at them, started, and became ill. They were his own death warrants! "I shall thank thee," he roared, "for saving my life!" "My father, my children, thank him for me!" cried the mother. "I shall thank him for me!" The children embraced his knees. He pressed his hands to his face, and burst into tears.

"Do not cry," eagerly inquired Sir John. "I shall thank him for me!"

The stranger wiped away, and, raising his beard, the raven tresses of Gréville Cochrane fell on his forehead.

"Gracious Heavens!" exclaimed the astonished and corrupted father, "my own child—my son!"

"It is unnecessary to add more. The imagination of the reader can supply the rest, and we may add, that Gréville Cochrane, whose heredity was the cause of his crime, was the first victim of the sketch, was the grandmother of the late Sir John Steward, of Allen-bank, Berwickshire, and

was the noisic sounded on my ears as I stepped at the mercy of the wild beast. The black men, who were violently excited, and the black men coming up had found me bore me in a state of insensibility on board Sparrowhawk. The fever had set upon me, and I lay three weeks afterwards that I recovered my senses, when I learned what I have to the reader.

* INWARD SIGHT.

We cut the following from a notice of the Autobiography of Dr. Zeshokke, in Chambers's Journal, which was republished in a number of the Living Age some months since. We have not the notice of this most interesting of autobiographies without affording a record of a remarkable faculty Zeshokke possesses, and which we have not elsewhere seen. "He remarks," almost afraid to speak of this, because I am afraid to be thought superstitious.

the assurance that he would rescue them, on the daylight dawned, he left the wreck, and, accompanying with Mr. Tuckow, whom he found on the beach, he sought the sympathies of the well-to-do Mr. Withrop's house, on the (Fisher's) shore. On their way they found the engineers of the ship blind and dumb, suffering miserably. Licent. Mr. though immersed for two days, proposed to stay by the poor man, while his wife and children should be taken care of. He was too heavy for them to carry. Fearing at last that Mr. T. had lost his life, he piled up rocks for the sailors, and ran to the lighthouse, where Mr. T. had been before him. They returned, and the man saved.

A captain of a privateer, who had been in an engagement, wrote to the owners, acquainting them that he had received but little damage, having only one of his *boats* wounded in the war.

Why may an heir attempt impossible things?

Chambers's Journal in a number of

Why may an heir attempt impossible things?
 Because life is but a dream.

